



Slaves, or Tears?



11 0 2

Chapter 1 by Ella

"Work on those fields already cow! Hurry! Move it you slug!"

I could hear my master's yells and screams every second of my life. I'm Tara, and I'm a slave. People are against slavery, but not in my area. Slaves are plentiful here in New York. Some have escaped, but suffered various pains. My parents are slaves, too. But they died doing their job as imprisoned citizens. Now I'm alone with my older brother Gio. He's the best brother you could have yet. He's always been there for my mom and dad, but he couldn't do anything else when they were killed. Yes, my parents were tortured and whipped. I could hear them yelling through out the night, and it made me cry tears of anger and sadness. They always said everything would be okay. But it wasn't.

"Ms. Junivile? Are my parents-"

"Be quiet, Tara! Just shut up for one billion years, okay? Good! Get out and WORK!" she bellowed in my face.

Gio ran over to me and told me to stop crying before Ms. Junivile noticed.

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Winter was coming soon and snow started to fall last Monday. It melted by Saturday, but will be coming again soon.

"Gio, come here! It's something weird. It has, our parents on it!" I yelled across to where he was.

He rushed as fast as he could and scanned the object. I could see there were tears in his eyes, trying to stay in.

"They, they, they couldn't-"

"Gio, it's going to be fine. Please don't cry big bro, please." I said hugging him super hard.

Gio hugged me back and started to sob quietly. I could tell that he knew. He knew that we needed to bust out of this garbage dump and run. Run away before they could torture us two days from now. We were ready to escape. We were going to do this for mom and dad. For our parents in heaven.

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